

To the Worshiptful

William King, Esquire, Mayor,

The ALDERMEN, BAILIFFS, BURGESSES,

AND THE REST OF THE

Worthy INHABITANTS of the Town of *Northampton,*

This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

Richard Claridge.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21st Day of *December* 1771, to the 21st Day of *December* 1772; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 10) buried from the *County-Infirmery*; and also those buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground 3; the Meeting in *College-Lane* 5; the Meeting on the *Green* 0.

D I S E A S E S.												
A	BORTIVE & Stilborn	4	Accidents	2	Childbed	-	1	Fits	- - 10	Palsey	-	1
	Aged	16	Convulsions	- 2	Dropfy	-	4	Gravel	- - 1	Small-Pox		0
	Suddenly	- - - 2	Consumption	29	Evil	- - 2	Inflammation	- 3	Teeth	-	2	
	Asthma	- - - 2	Chincough	- 2	Fevers	- 3	Jaundice	- 2	Thrush	-	0	

WHERE OF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	25	Ten and Twenty	4	Forty and Fifty	7	Seventy and Eighty	7
Between Two and Five	3	Twenty and Thirty	5	Fifty and Sixty	7	Eighty and Ninety	7
Five and Ten	- 2	Thirty and Forty	11	Sixty and Seventy	9	Ninety and a Hundred	0

C H R I S T E N E D.				B U R I E D.		
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total.
ALL-SAINTS. - -	55	47	102	52	34	86
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	12	23	35	20	38	58
St. GILES'S. - -	16	13	29	15	21	36
St. PETER'S. - -	3	6	9	6	3	9
At the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish	- - -			7	4	11
In the whole Town.	86	89	175	100	100	200
	Increased		29	Increased	- -	12

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Psalm 90. Ver. xii.

ANOTHER Year its restless Orb hath fill'd,
And Death, insulting o'er the gen'ral Mirth,
(The Mirth mis-tim'd that now dissolves the
World

In sensual Riot) counts his annual Spoils.
Insatiate Death! how small a Portion here
Of those vast Heaps that through the boundless
Tracts

Of subject Life have fall'n to glut thy Maw!
Angels alone can sum the great Amount.

The dread Campaign, once more, Thou halt
surviv'd,

And Joy, Lorenzo, glistens in thine Eye;
(Joy for the Danger escap'd more warmly felt)
Whilst in this faithful Register it sees
That Fate on others wreak'd that threat'ned thee.
Blind, thoughtless Man! behold, in fly Disguise,
The Tyrant smiles to see thee thus secure;
And from amidst his pestilential Train

Of Plague and Famine, Want, and pale Disease,
Beckens the Fiend, that, e'er To-morrow's Sun,
Shall with thy Life Blood drench his rav'nous
Jaws,

Blast all thy Hopes, and stretch thee in the Dust.
Nor need'st Thou only dread the sudden Fate,
That oft' with silent, soft, suspended Step,
Steals on our slum'ring Watch, ne'er seen till
felt;

Death metes to all, tho' not with equal Line,
The Span of Life, but wraps the fatal Goal
That ends their Course in more than Midnight
Shades.

Heirs to the Blessings of the World's first Days,
Some see the Number of their peaceful Years
Extend in Quiet to ripe, hoary Age;
And midst a num'rous Race, who grateful smooth
Their downhill Way, contented sink to Rest.
In Youth's gay Season, when with gilded Rays

The airy Meteor Hope delusive shines,
And Health show'rs Roses o'er their sunny Paths,
Some—in their mid-way Course arrested—see
Th' untimely Grave t'row wide its Iron Gates,
And sudden close them in its dreary Womb,
And, like the afflicted Hebrew King * of Old,
Seek of their Years the Residue in vain.
Some, like frail Flow'rs that ope' their tender
Leaves

To Winter Suns, nipt in their infant Bud,
Receive at Morn that Life they lose at Noon:
The Sun, whose rising Beams had gilt their Birth,
At Setting, lights them to their early Grave.
Nought but the Uncertainty of Death is certain.
Shot from ten thousand Strings his fated Shafts
Promiscuous fly, and light on all alike,
Their Aim unerring tho' their Flight unseen

* Hezekiah.